

Memorial

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Category: Animorphs
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2000-01-31 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-01-31 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:51:26
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,703
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: A sequel to "A New Chapter"... I was bored so I wrote this...

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By Kay (AKA: Sp00kyfile)

Disclaimer: I don't own the Ax, or the Animorphs or EreK. Please don't sue me. Thank you.

Please Read- NOTE: This takes place after "A New Chapter" by me. You'll probably still understand most of it, but it'll make a little more sense if you read that.

July 12, The Future:

"We are all gathered here today to honor and remember the brave souls who fought for our freedom. One year ago today, the secret of the Yeerks invasion was revealed to the world- the hidden truth of the Sharing and its purpose- and the proof of intelligent life beyond our existence. Thousands- millions- of humans enslaved and controlled by the Yeerks, without our knowledge." The mayor of the town paused, staring out at the large, colossal crowd in Averton Park. The air was warm, and the sky a pale, pure blue color that seemed to spread over the heavens. In front of him, where he stood on a platform in front of a simple podium, was a huge grouping of people- everykind of human. Old, young, dark, light; hundreds of people standing silently in the July heat, listening to his speech.

He continued, clearing his throat. "But the war... is over. The mysterious Andalite Bandits that plagued the Yeerks for so long finally won their battle. The Yeerks were killed- by a chemical entered into the Kandrona Rays. We are now free! Free to move and speak at our will!"

The crowd cheered, some throwing up their arms and shouting at the top of their lungs. The mayor waited till they had settled down, and silence had spread over again.

"We do not know these brave souls, who saved us from our loss of freedom... our planet... our lives. Their names are lost- and we shall never know who our saviors were. Our heroes. All we have is a name, given to them by the Yeerks: The Andalite Bandits." He paused again. "Also, from an unknown source... The Animorphs. Who knows what their names were? Whether they were Andalite or human? We have no way of knowing. I'm afraid that we will never know the truth. We have no way of finding out if they are dead or alive." He smiled softly. "But whoever they are... wherever they are... we thank them. We thank them with all our hearts, and all our souls! Now, finally, the city has raised enough money to create a memorial in their honor. With the help of people who had been Controllers, and witnesses to some of the battles, we have created this piece of remembrance. A reminder of the warriors who saved Earth, our planet. Our home."

He looked around the crowd of free humans, many who had been Controllers during the war. "They are gone, though we don't know where, but they will never be forgotten."

He waved his hand, and a sheet that hanged over a large, unguessable object fell to the ground. The crowd gasped, and cheered; everyone yelling and laughing and clapping their hands in a thunderous applause that spread throughout the crowd. It could be heard all down the block, all through the park.

The memorial stood about 10 feet tall, a bronze sculpture shining brightly in the sun's light. On a small block, stood six objects, their bronze tones looking almost golden, and the details incredibly accurate. A proud, fierce tiger with its claws and teeth bared, caught in the middle of a roar... A gorilla, with its strong arms down by its sides, and its eyes looking like they were almost laughing... A wolf, its own sharp teeth bared, but its eyes with a slight mournful look to them, as if its soul were trying to get out... A large, angry looking bear, its fur bristled and its mouth open in a bone-chilling roar... A hawk, perched upon the bear's shoulder, its fierce gaze trained intensely off on the horizon... And last, an Andalite child, with his eyes smiling slightly, but his tail posed for combat.

The mayor waited a long time for the loud, thundering applause to die down. Many people in the crowd were crying, tears streaming down their face in large buckets. Some were standing respectfully, their hats off their heads, looking with pride to the memorial of the unknown rescuers of the planet.

"We thank you, wherever you are, friends. May God be with you, always."

The mayor smiled and stepped down from the platform. The crowds stayed for a long time, many still looking at the statue, and some mingling to talk with old friends.

Slowly, though, people left. It grew darker, and colder. More people finally went home to their warm beds, and were caught in peaceful slumber where there were no wars or monsters that hurt you. No need for memorials.

When the sky was no longer a beautiful blue, but an inky black that darkened the night and made the sky look like it was covered in velvet, someone came. The grounds were empty, and no one was left of the large ceremony that had taken place earlier. The memorial stood alone, still shining slightly in the moonlight. The cool air blew gently, chilling the air.

A lone figure walked into the park. The dark hid his face, but not even the dark could hide the puppy he was walking on a leash. It's bright, shining blonde hair seemed to almost glow. It yipped happily, and scurried around the ground, impatiently.

The boy walked up to the memorial, slowly, not looking up. Then silently, he studied it. A faint smile appeared on his face, but the haunted, torn look still remained in his eyes. He looked at the figures caught in metal stone, looking at each one intently, as if trying to find something.

Finally, after staring a long time, he looked down. A cool gust of air blew by him, and he shivered, pulling his coat around him tighter. The puppy whined softly, wanting to leave the cold, lonely spot. It wanted to go home. The boy glanced down at it, and hesitated. After a long while, he bent down to the ground, near the base of the statue. It was worn smooth here; a small platform under the figures. One word stood, alone, engraved on the surface.

The boy traced the word with his hand, running over the lines, emotions playing across his face. Such a fitting word... So familiar. It still gave him an aching sadness, yet at the same time, a feeling of purpose. It was the word he had learned to live by. Hope.

Only that was engraved upon the memorial, no other words. No other words were needed.

Hope.

The puppy yipped again, and the boy stood silently. After a few seconds, he looked down at the puppy, and spoke for the first time.

"Do not worry, Tobi... I am almost ready to leave this place."

The boy, a teenager with eyes that carried a deep pain, looked at the memorial once more.

Then, his eyes lingering on the word worn in stone, he turned away and walked out of the park.

He walked through the town, quickly, now that it was growing even more colder. Finally, he reached an ordinary looking house. He opened the door without hesitation, and went in.

The room looked like any ordinary living room- a T.V., a couch, ect... He hung up his coat and removed his shoes. Tobi, the puppy, ran around in excited circles, jumping lightly at the boy's knees until he removed her leash.

"Good walk?"

The boy turned, and smiled at the other teenage boy, who was sitting on the couch, holding a terrier in his arms.

"Yes, EreK. I... I went to see the memorial," he said hesitantly.

EreK King looked serious all of a sudden. "You okay?"

"Yes, I am fine." The boy was silent for a while, lost in thought. Tobi gave up on trying to get her master's attention- he was in one of his moods that not even she could get him out of.

EreK surfed the T.V. channels for a couple more minutes, leaving the other to his thoughts. After a long time, the boy sat down next to him on the sofa.

And finally, after many more minutes of silence, the boy spoke. "I miss them still."

EreK nodded. "I know."

The boy stared at the T.V, not really seeing it. "It is good that they will be remembered. I do not think I could bare it if they were forgotten." He hesitated. "If _I_ forgot them."

EreK looked at his friend, a small smile on his face. "You'll never forget them. Sometimes you'll be busy, and not able to think about them, but you'll never totally forget them. They'll always be with you." He pointed to the boy's head. "In your mind..." he trailed down to his chest... "And in your heart."

The boy nodded. And smiled. Not much of a smile, but a large improvement. "Always."

Then he noticed the T.V. screen. "Hey... Is that 'The X-Files'?"

EreK nodded. "Yeah, new episode, I hear."

The boy made a funny face. "Please... change it. I have had enough to do with invading aliens for the rest of my life, thank you."

EreK laughed and changed the channel. "That 70's Show" came on.

Alex Isthil... once known as Aximili-Esgarrouth-Isthil... smiled. "This is more like it."

Tobi ran and jumped on her master's lap. Ax smiled and petted her. They watched, and laughed as Fez said something funny.

Two people... a Chee a thousand years old, an Andalite nothlit with a sad past, and a puppy who knew nothing but happiness... watched television innocently. Outside, it grew darker.

But inside, it was warm and bright.

Like a home should be.

Hope...

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END: Thanks for reading! I decided to try a sequel to "A New  
Chapter". This is probably the only one you'll ever see unless you  
want more, though. :) Thanks!

End  
file.